## WE GUARANTEE FIRST-CLASS WORK.

OLD LADY GOSSIP.

The Battleffeld of the Eight teemth Century Is Made Divine by the Morals of the Nimeteenth.

(Professor Swing.)

It ought to be as sweet and beautiful to live for one's country as to die for it. The vast number landing from every ship

poor-house, because he will not tell me the truth."

"Why, I don't want to go back," said Tommy, very soberly.

But still he denied taking the gumdrops. Mr. Pritchard told his wife to get the boy ready. She cried as she brought out his little warm coat and cap and put them on him. But Tommy did not cry. He comprehended that an injustice was done to him, and he knit his baby brow and held his little lips tight. The horse was brought round.

by the school house and church and litterature of the past.

Most astonishing is the dear old lady's memory! A little rambling she may be in her talk; a little uncertain as to the sequence of events, and in dates she always is hopelessly at sea. But the material points of her narrative—the amall facts which give it strength and flavor and reality, are never lost. Her backgrounds may be hazy, but her portraits and groups always are clear—life-like, because they are drawn truly from life. It would seem a defect in the economy of our earth if there could be no subtile to very year to which it belongs? Sure

TOMMY BOBBITT.

Mr. Pritchard lifted him out of the wagon and sat him down on the doorstep. What a little fellow he was, and what a wondering, pleased look there was in his eye! He had on coarse shoes, a blue check apron, and his pretty brown hair was cropped close under the shabby cap. It was almost too cold a day for such a little boy to be out without a coat. Mrs. Pritchard took him by the hand to lead him in, and the little hand clung confidingly to hers.

"What's your name, dear?" she asked pleasantly.

"Tommy Bobbitt," he answered, readily. "Am I going to stay here?"

"Folks all dead," said Mr. Pritchard.
"Mother went a month or so back. I stated her attention. It was repeated months again and again, and now and then there were again and again, and now and then there were again and again, and now and then there to the county-house we'd to the county-hou

A million has greatly lessened its size in the last twenty years. It is only a fraction now of some colossal fortunes; but in the good it would achieve among

without a cause.

men those whom war has made into citi-In the old centuries, after the sword came the collector of taxes, or the draft-er of conscripts, and peace had no fruits

She Saw Him a Few Better.

The public has conceded that the first power of the hotel clerk is superior to the bride, who turned deadly pale, and was only kept from fainting by the that of the President. A new rival has seflection that they would inevitably sprung up in the railroad ticket agent, as power of the hotel clerk is superior to was demonstrated at an Iowa station a few weeks ago.

"Twenty-four cents," responded the gent, working his sausage-chin. She

A few days after he told it to a brigade of runners buying tickets to B., and while he was enjoying the encore, the lady appeared with—
"Ticket for B., please."

She scooped it up and laid down twentyfour dazzling pants buttons, exactly like

The Vanities of Teaching.

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OF-

## PEASE

FOR CASH!

YOUR

Boots & Shoes, Hats & Caps, Clothing. Notions,

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it had been in the county-house for a little four-year-old boy, suddenly left friendless. And nobody knew how his little heart ached for the dead mother, who, though very poor and unfortunate, had sheltered him to the last. Flour, Salt, &c. But now in his warm, new home, he

brightened into a rosy, pretty boy. He had new shoes and stockings, and Mrs. Pritchard made him a little coat, with a motherly instinct growing in her heart with every stitch. He learned the different rooms, and ran about them fearlessly, he made funny little speeches, he umped and laughed like other happy

boys, and climbed boldly on Father Pritchard's knee, when that good man sat down to take his ease after supper.

the thing to my mind." Tommy had been there a week-had one

ame down upon him.

was apt to trouble him at night, and on across the table. She went to the door the bureau, near the head of his bed, he and looked up the road. kept a few gumdrops, which he could

"That rogue, Tommy, has been there," he said to himself. "I know there were five or six when I went to bed last night; and, for a wonder, I did not have to take

a single one. Tommy! Tommy! Look from us again."

Tommy who was playing in the door, looked up brightly and said: "No: I "Did you take them, Lucy?" asked

the farmer, turning to his wife.

Ms. Pritchard had not touched them, and her heart sank as she said so; for who was there left to do it but little Tommy? Her husband's face grey

"Tommy," he said, "you need not be afraid to tell the truth. Didn't you take the gundrops?" "No, I didn't," replied Tommy, readily.

"Ohd yes, you did, Tommy. Now tell the truth. "No I didn't."

band. "Why, it is clear as daylight." He had been running in and out of the

on the ground that she did not intend acceptance with education. A Goethe, to commit an illegal act, but had been a Hugo, a Carlyle and an Emerson living actuated only by "feruale vanity."

"Pil give you till noon to tell the acceptance with education. A Goethe, to commit an illegal act, but had been a Hugo, a Carlyle and an Emerson living on to green old age are of more value to the world than the corruscating careers of Burns and Berns and Pose going costs.

"I'll give you till noon to tell the truth," he wid; "and then, if you don't confess—why, I'll have nothing to do with a boy who lies. We'll ride back to the poor-house this very afternoon."

"O Joseph!" said Mrs. Pritchard, following her husband into the entry. "He is so little! Give him one more trial."

"Lucy," he said, firmly, "when a youngster can tell a falsehood like that

with so calm a face, he is ready to tell them by the dozen. I tell you, it's in the blood. I'll have nothing to do with a boy that lies. Perhaps the fear of going back will bring him to his senses."

He went out to his work; and Mrs. Pritchard returned to Tommy, and talked with him a long while, very kind-At noon Farmer Pritchard came into that he had not touched the gumdrops. He replied as often as she asked him, ly and persuasively, but all to no effect. the house, and they had dinner. After dinner he called Tommy to him.

"Tommy," he asked, "did you take the gumdrops?"
"No, I didn't," said Tommy.

"Very well," said the farmer; "my norse is harnessed. Lucy put the boy's cap on. I shall carry him back to the poor-house, because he will not tell me

[The following is an attempt to versify a literal translation of a poem by the Hindoo writer, Tineva-luva, who lived, it is supposed, in the third century of our era. He was remarkable for his hatred of idolatry and caste, and for his almost Christian conception of God and human duty.]

shuddered. The helpless old women, the jeering boys, the nights of terror-all these he thought of, when, with pale face and blue lips he was taken down

cap. It was almost too cold a day for such a little boy to be out without a He retired early not knowing what else

coat. Mrs. Pritchard took him by the to do; but his sleep was broken.

told them over to the county-house we'd again and again, and now and then there take him and try him; and if he suited, we'd keep him, and do well by him. We don't know what kind of stock he is yet; and if I find any mean, dishonest tricks in him, back he goes. We don't

"Joseph!" she whispered. "Joseph!" "What, Lucy," said her husband, in a voice that sounded as if he, too, had been "Oh! I know Tommy will be a nice little boy," said the wife kindly.

The Pritchards were farming people, lying awake. and well-to-do. They had never had a "Do you hear that noise, Joseph? It's

mice!" "I know it. What of it?"

child of their own, and, after much con-sideration, had decided to adopt a boy "It's mice, Joseph, and they're after when a suitable one could be found. Word reached them that a child four your gumdrops."

"Good gracious, Lucy!" grouned Faryears old had recently been left upon the mer Pritchard upon his pillow. It town; and Mr. Pritchard, on driving over to see about it, had brought the litflashed upon him instantly. He, and not Tommy was the sinner. The noise stopped. The little depredators were Nobody knew how dreary and forlorn frightened, but soon began again. And

a rare feast they made of it. It seemed as if that night would never end. The farmer heard every hour the clock struck, and at five he got up and made a fire in the kitchen. His wife arose at the same time and began to get

breakfast. "I won't wait for breakfast," he said. You can have it hot and ready when we get back. I'll harness up and start

now, so as to get over there by dawn." In a few moments the wheels rolled noisily over the frozen ground out on the road, and away drove Mr. Pritchard in the morning starlight.

Mrs. Pritchard brought out the top and the primer again, and made the "He's got meat in him," said the far-mer, nodding approvingly; "but I don't she got breakfast. She baked potatoes, know whether he's honest yet. That's and broiled a chicken, and made fritters. She put the nicest syrup on the table, and a plate of jelly tarts. She laid week of sunshine-when the black cloud Tommy's plate and knife and fork in ame down upon him. their place, and set up his chair. The Farmer Pritchard had a cough which sun had risen, and the bright beams fell

Yes, they were coming! They drove reach out and get to soothe his throat into the yard; they stopped at the door; when the coughing came on. One fore- and the wondering, smiling little Tommy

noon chancing to go into the bed-room, was lifted down in Mrs. Pritchard's his eye fell on the little paper bag, and he saw there was not a single gumdrop eager arms. She held him very tight.

"Oh! my lamb! my blessing!" sh "Oh! my lamb! my blessing!" she nurmured, womanlike. "Lucy, come let's have breakfast now," said the farmer, cheerfully. "This little

chap's hungry. He's our own little boy now, Lucy. He's never going away

A Woman's Age, A case has just been decided before the Appeal Court at Metz, which shows how a lady's age is a matter entirely within her own control. Fraulein Catherine

to whom she had imprudently declared her age at six years less than it really As soon as the moment arrived for producing the certificate of birth, she was aware that her little deception would be discovered, and she feared that the

Mahl was engaged to a desirable partner,

match would be broken off. She, therefore, took the liberty of altering the official document, so as to make it correspond with the statement already They go a

The ceremony took place, and the husband was duly united to a lady whom he believed to be jeune ingenue. Unfortunately the certificate, in passing "This is bad, very bad, indeed," said tunately the certificate, in passing Mr. Pritchard, sternly. "This is what I through some office happened to be minutely examined by one of the clerks. "O Thommy!" pleaded Mrs. Pritchard. "If you took them, do say so."

"If he took them!" repeated her hus moon, at least three of the first months of her married life in prison. of her married life in prison.

She had the courage to appeal from room all morning.

But Tommy still denied the deed, which reviewed, and his though the farmer commanded, and his ferior tribunal, and acquitted the lady of life. This truth will come to generally on the ground that she did not intend. on the ground that she did not intend

PATRIOTISM AND MORALS. The Battlefield of the Eigh-

The vast number landing from every ship should at once enter upon a life as new in morals as in climate or in agriculture. The church, the mission church, the mission Sunday school, the cheap moral newspaper, the rest of Sunday, temperance laws, schools of industry and

Patriotism not being required any longer to shoulder the musket, must selves are trifling, yet without which we take up moral weapons and accomplish by the school house and church and lit- perfect picture of the past.

his baby brow and held his little lips tight. The horse was brought round. Mr. Pritchard came in for the boy. I think he believed up to the last moment that Tommy would confess; but the little fellow stood steadfast.

He was lifted into the wagon. Such a little boy he looked, as they drove a little boy he looked, as they drove away. He thought of the cold, forlorn house to which he was returning, and

cal forces were to be met—the early
French, the Indians, and the British.
Such conflicts are brief but terrible.
Then comes the long spiritual contest in which the struggle is with indelence, ignorance and vice. Manhood must be created out of coarse material.

Which the struggle of our nation its physical process. Sometimes she may treat decorously of the certian doubts and doubtful certainties of the past—with no thought of make the backs of some of the nowadays "nice" people creep awkwardly in response to

the common people a million possesses angelic power. It would help transform quite an army of children, it would transform a new state into a picture of civilization. What is called the refine-ment of the older states has come greatly from that kind of application of money which has built colleges and schools and libraries and churches. No good comes

For all the excellence of the Atlantic society we see causes everywhere—causes acting and long continuing. What millions of money have been given to Yale and Harvard and Princeton, and to the libraries and schools of every art! A patriotism besides that of the battlefield has passed all over the eastern states, and adage that the pen is mightier than the sword. At least the sword is drawn in vain, unless the soldiers of morals follow the soldiers of the sword and make into

er of conscripts, and peace had no fruits and empires no security. In our land war has been only a temporary task from which the whole population has turned quickly as possible to mental and industrial pursuits. What has given such meaning and grandeur to the struggle of 1776 has been the zeal in the pursuit of morals which followed the zeal of Concord and Yorktown. The battlefield of the eighteenth century is made divine by the

orals of the nineteenth.

"I want a ticket to A-," said a well know lady of the town, just before train

agent, working his sausage-chin. She laid down a silver quarter. Being well acquainted and a practical joker, the agent drew from his pocket a glittering pants button, passed it over with the ticket and scooped up the quarter.

"Is this a legal tender?" asked the lady quietle.

"Twenty-four cents," with a sly wink at the runners. He laid down the ticket.

"You said they were legal tender. They go a long ways in supporting the family," she chirped sweetly, as she bowed from the presence of the more than Presidential prerogative.

Then he set 'em up to the brigade of enlightened runners.

The desire to push a boy shead to develop precocious tendencies, to have bright pupils, is among the vanities of teaching. The surest growths are the And the ceremony proceeded with the the sentence, and cause the case to be slowest. He who makes haste slowly will

ing of the houses which were old when we were young, and of those who dwelt in them-the grave citizens and their fair dames who led the town sixty years back, and whose names strike upon our ears not as strange and new, but rather of all practical callings, should reach the as awakened memories. It is pleasant, wilderness or the prairie along with the indeed, to listen to her as she thus brings before our eyes life-like those de-

can have nothing that approaches to a

again and again, and now and then there was a tiny rustle of the paper. The sound came from the bureau. She listened intently, and her heart beat loud with excitement. She knew the sound well.

In the sound the states of the United States that mob; it may be one of a hundred such many Americans who are now living. There are many citizens who could present to public instruction \$5,000,000 and loud with excitement. She knew the sound well.

In the states that are concerned, there is nothing of interest at all. But even when her stories are commonplace, her hearers scarce will are commonplaced with many Americans who are now living.

The sound came from the bureau. She is a story in which, so far as the facts are concerned, there is nothing of interest and the stories are concerned, there is nothing of interest are concerned, there is nothing of interest are concerned.

terest in them, so genuine is the zest with which they are told.

Mellowly tender and full of a sweet ragrance are these gathered memorie fragrance are these gathered memories of long ago, and very pleasant is it to listen to them as they take form in gentle words. They are, in truth, but the shadows of the past; and yet a heart unhardened by the world will find them far better worth pondering upon than are the angular realities sprung up in our time. As the dear old lady presents them they have a tinge of true pathos. To us of a later generation, they are memories of old old times; but they are memories of old, old times; but to her they are all memories of the one glad season when all was new—when the eyes which are grown so old and see so much that is sorrowful, looked out happily upon the world and saw it brighter, fresher, fairer than it is now, because

they were young. The Unfortunate Position of a

(San Francisco Post.) They had a terrible time at a wedding up at Petaluma the other day, and which only goes to show how the smallest draw-back will sometimes take the stiffness out of the swellest occasion.

It seems that the ceremony was a very rand affair, indeed. There were eight ridesmaids, and the church was crowded from pit to dome, as the dramatic critics would say. But, when they got to the proper place in the ceremony, and the groom feeling for the ring, he discovered that it wasn't on hand. After the mineighteenth century is made divine by the later had scowled at the miserable wretch for awhile, the latter detected the magic circlet had slipped through a hole in his pocket and worked into his boot. He communicated the terrible fact in a whis-per to the bride, who turned deadly pale,

case she did. "Why don't you produce the ring?"
whispered the bride's big brother, hoarsely, and feeling for his pistol, under the
impression that the miserable man was
about to back out.

"I can't. It's in my boot," explained the groom under his breath, his very hair meanwhile turning red with mortifica-

"Try and fish it out, somehow—hurry up!" numbled the minister behind his

et and scooped up the quarter.

"Is this a legal tender?" asked the lady quietly.

"Oh, yes," he answered, with mock gravity, "they are the mainstay of the republic."

She pocketed it and got aboard, leaving the agent's face coruscating with smiles.

A few days after he told it to a brigade of runners buying tickets to B—, and while he was enjoying the encore, the lady appeared with a runner rapidly went through the congregation to the effect that a telegram had just arrived proving the groom had four other wives living in the East already.

ready.

"I—I can't reach it," groaned the half-married man, in agony. "It won't come."

"Sit down and take your boot off, you fool!" hissed the bride's mother, while the bride herself moaned piteously and wrung her hands.

wrung her hands.

There was nothing left; so the sufferer sat down on the floor and began to wrestle with his boot, which was naturally new and tight, while a fresh rumor got under way to the effect that the groom was besstly tight.

As the boot came finally off, its crushed wearer endeavored, unsuccessfully, to hide a trade dollar hele in the heel of his stocking; noticing which the parson, who was a humorous sort of a

party of the first part standing on one leg, trying to hide his well-ventilated foot under the tail of his cost, and appropriately muttering "Darn it!" at short

An Umprophetic Soul.

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MEXICO, MO., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1881.

SLIPPING AWAY.

They are slipping away—those sweet, a Like a leaf on the current cast; With never a break in their rapid flow, We watch them as one by one they go Into the beautiful past.

As allent and swift as a weaver's thread, Or an arrow's flying gleam; As soft as the languorous breezes hid, That lift the willow's long golden lid, And ripple the glassy stream.

As light as the breath of the thistle down, As fond as a lover's dream; As pure as the flush in the sea-shell's throat, As sweet as the wood bird's wooing note, So tender and sweet they seem.

One after another we see them pass,
Down the dim-lighted stair;
We hear the sound of their steady tread
In the steps of the centuries long since dead,
As beautiful and as fair

There are only a few years left to love;
Shall we waste them in idle strife?
Shall we trample under our ruthless feet
Those beautiful blossoms, rare and sweet,
By the dusky way of life?

There are only a few swift years—ah, let
No envious taunts be heard;
Make life's fair pattern of rare design,
And fill up the measures with love's sweet wine.
But never an angry word!

Who gives what others may not see, Nor counts on favor, fame or praise, Shall find his smallest gift outweighs The burden of the mighty sea.

Who gives to whom hath naught been given, His gift in need though small indeed As is the grass blade's wind-blown seed, Is large as earth and rich as beaven.

Forget thou not, O man! to whom A gift shall fall, while yet on earth, Yea, even to thy seven-fold birth, Revive it in the lives to come!

Who, brooding, keeps a wrong in thought, Sins much, but greater sin is his Who, fed and clothed with kindness, Shall count the holy aims as naught.

For he who breaks all laws may still
In Sivam's mercy be forgiven;
But none can save in earth or heaven
The wretch who answers good with ill!
—[John G, Whittier, in Waif.

TOMMY BOBBITT.

hand to lead him in, and the little hand

want to adopt a dishonest boy.

tle fellow home on trial.

From the Independent)

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